

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1845.

No. 2.



## A Winter Story.

**D**URING a severe winter, several years ago, two boys were driving a sleigh through the woods in the northern part of Vermont. The season was uncommonly cold, and the snow lay at the average depth of five feet. But the boys in question were hardy fellows, accustomed to the climate, and, moreover, they were well wrapped up in cloth and furs.

They had occasion to pass from one town to another where a portion of the

road led through a dense forest, for four miles, without a single house. Soon after they had entered upon this solitary portion of their journey, they were startled at hearing the gruff, husky bark of a wolf in the adjacent thickets. In a few moments, the animal sprang out from his cover, and came rushing to the side of the sleigh, making a desperate plunge at the eldest boy, who was driving.

The youth gave the furious brute a rough salute with his whip, and for a mo-

ment the animal slunk back abashed — the boy taking advantage of this to put his horse to the utmost speed. The creature, however, was jaded, and nothing better than a smart trot could be extorted from him.

The wolf soon rallied, and now renewed his attack, accompanied by one of his companions. He again assailed the driver, while the other came up to the stern, and threatened to leap into the sleigh. At last, the horse seemed to notice the savage growling of the wolves; and now, being seriously frightened, he broke into a round gallop, and flew forward with all his might. The wolves pursued, keeping by the side of the sleigh, and occasionally making a fierce leap for the purpose of springing into the vehicle.

The two boys had no weapon of defence but the whip; yet they carried a brave front. In one or two instances, the pursuers had partially succeeded in mounting the sleigh, but they were knocked off by the butt-end of the whip. It was, however, a serious race, and the little fellows saw that their danger was extreme. By the time they had passed one half of the forest, and while they were yet two miles from any house where they could hope for assistance, the wearied horse began to relax his speed, and the wolves, as if rendered desperate by strife, became even more daring and furious than before.

The sleigh in which the two boys were driving consisted of a box about five feet in length by three and a half in width. It was placed upon a floor, and this was fastened to the runners. The depth of the box was about two feet. Snuggling down, and sheltering themselves as well as they

could, or starting from side to side, as occasion required, in order to escape the fangs of the foe, the boys continued their course. It seemed, however, that they must at last be overcome, and fall victims to their fierce assailants. Nothing, indeed, could have saved them but a most unexpected accident, and one which might have seemed to expose them to certain death.

While the horse was advancing with considerable speed, he came to a short turn in the road. Cramped by the ridges of snow on either side, the sleigh was thrown out of the track, and, rising with a sudden bound, was completely overturned, and thrown to a considerable distance — the two boys being caught beneath as in a trap. The edges of the board sank deep in the snow, and the impulse of the horse snapped the traces in an instant. He was liberated, and pursued his career rapidly toward the village.

The wolves were at first disconcerted by the adventure, and hesitated whether to pursue the horse, or to investigate the wonderful disappearance of their intended victims. After smelling about for some time, they comprehended the real state of the case: and now began a regular siege upon the intrenchment which had been so luckily provided for the two boys. The latter were a little stunned at first, but they soon appreciated their condition, and saw the advantage which their present stronghold afforded for defence.

Turning round, and bedding themselves in the snow, so as to obtain a comfortable position, they determined to continue where they were until relief should come, which they hoped might speedily take place. They had not long space for de-

li  
wa  
ter  
the  
sle  
wh  
him  
the  
In  
the  
the  
reso  
migh  
knif  
T  
with  
shar  
this  
feet,  
ready  
on th  
their  
safety  
lage,  
The p  
soon c  
So  
object  
which  
they f  
time,  
had re  
a relu  
and th  
from t

It is  
end we

A R

liberation; the growling of the wolves was soon audible, and a few minutes after they heard them pawing furiously in the snow, at the sides of the capsized sleigh. The elder boy had a jack-knife, which he now got ready, and, placing himself on his knees, prepared to give the enemy a sharp reception.

In a few moments, the paws of one of the wolves were seen below the edge of the sleigh. Clinching one of them, the resolute youth pulled it in with all his might; but as he was about to ply his knife, the limb was wrenched from him.

The two animals wrought at their task with incredible energy. Although a thick sharp crust lay upon the top of the snow, this was immediately torn away by their feet, and in a short space they were already below the edge of the sleigh, and on the point of grappling their prey, when their attention was called to their own safety. The horse had reached the village, and an alarm had been excited. The people hurried along the road, and soon came to the scene of action.

So intent were the wolves upon their object — so reluctant to surrender the prey which seemed within their grasp — that they faced two men for a considerable time, and did not finally retreat till they had received several severe blows. With a reluctant growl they took to the woods, and the two boys were safely delivered from their imprisonment.

---

It is good to begin well, but better to end well.

---

A ROTTEN apple injures its companions.

PAPER-MAKERS. — You see that this book is printed on paper; this was made by men and machinery; but long before men found out a method of manufacturing paper, the art was practised by wasps, for the purpose of forming a covering for their nests or hives.

This may seem strange, but I will explain to you how this curious paper is made. The wasps do not use any substances employed in paper manufactories, but collect together fibres of wood, which they gnaw off posts, rails, window frames, &c.; these they moisten with their mouths, and knead into a sort of paper, and fly off with it to their nests.

They spread it into leaves of a proper thinness, and attach it to the building on which they are at work. They put one piece of this substance over another, in a "good, workman-like manner," as the bricklayers say, till a proper number of layers to compose the roof is finished.

The wasps' paper is so very thin, that they are obliged to use fifteen or sixteen sheets of it to make their nests of sufficient thickness.

Hornets make their paper in the same way, but it is much coarser and thicker than that of the wasps.

---

A LONG PAUSE. — An old gentleman, riding over a bridge, turned round to his servant, and said, "Do you like eggs, John?" "Yes, sir." Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge a twelve-month afterwards, again turned round, and said, "How, John?" "Poached, sir," was the answer.



### Going Alone.

**S**EE — the child is about taking its first step in life ! What an important event in its history is this. It is no longer to be a “creeping thing :” it is now to run upon its feet ; to claim its privilege of walking erect, and going forth in the image of its Maker.

It is a glorious thing — is it not, child ? — to go alone. There are few triumphs in life which fill the bosom with a warmer glow of exultation, than that which the infant experiences, when, amid cheers and applauses, he takes the first successful step ; and when it is announced to the household, that the baby “*goes alone !*” And yet, what a responsibility lies in going alone. While the child could not walk, it was an object of incessant care ; its mother, or its nurse, was ever watchful to prevent accident or mischief. The little creature had not learnt good and evil ; no responsibility was attached to its

actions ; it was not yet free ; it could not “go alone.”

It is now otherwise. It has entered the threshold of active, responsible life ; it has taken its first step ; hereafter it must abide the consequences of its actions. How many times will the child break its head, in payment for this dear-bought privilege of going alone !

And it must not be forgotten, that the child can never throw off either its liberty or its responsibility. When we are once set free ; when we cease to be infants, and have taken the first step, — from that time forward, life and immortality are before us : we may now choose our path, but, if it end in evil, we must abide the result.

---

BE slow to promise, and quick to perform.

## Effects of a Thoughtless Action.

**A**BOUT forty years ago, there lived, near the eastern border of France, a family by the name of Marbœuf. The father was dead, having left a widow and two children. The eldest was a daughter, and named Narcisse. The other, a son, was named Pierre. The family was of some consideration, and enjoyed a handsome independence. The children were brought up according to the custom of the country, being educated at home; yet instructed as well in various accomplishments as in the ordinary branches of mental study.

Narcisse was of a gay and thoughtless temper, and, on one occasion, committed an act which laid the foundation for a long train of evils. Her brother, Pierre, was nervous and sensitive to such a degree as to provoke the ridicule of his somewhat hoyden sister. She accordingly teased him about it, and occasionally played off a practical joke in mockery of his peculiar sensibility.

One day, she tried a more serious experiment. While he was sitting alone upon the bank of a river, she stole upon him, and suddenly fired a pistol behind his ear. The youth was thrown into convulsions, and it was some time before he recovered. Even after the paroxysm had passed away, his nerves seemed shattered, and a sudden sound would make him tremble with emotion.

The boy was ten years old when this event occurred; and, for two or three years, it seemed questionable whether he ever would triumph over the shock he had received. Poor Narcisse was greatly distressed at what she had done, and

at the melancholy consequences. She did every thing in her power to mitigate the evil. She sought, by every means which her fancy suggested, to soothe her brother's nerves, to give firmness to his mind, and to cultivate in him manly habits and feelings. Nor were her efforts entirely without effect. As Pierre advanced towards manhood, his constitution seemed to acquire vigor, and his timidity of character to be supplanted by a manly bearing.

Narcisse watched over this change with intense interest; but there was still one source of the deepest anxiety. Though her brother had acquired self-command, still he could not endure the sound of a gun or pistol. The whole idea of war was frightful to him. In short, he was destitute of that quality so much prized, in France, at that period — a species of courage which qualifies a man to be a soldier. Pierre grew up with this weakness; and, though he was conscious of it, he sought, by every means in his power, to conceal it. His sister, however, was too watchful to be deceived; and though she blushed to acknowledge, even to herself, that one who bore the name of Marbœuf should be a coward, she knew that, owing to her own thoughtless folly, her brother was entitled to this epithet.

But new causes of anxiety now pressed upon both the brother and sister. Napoleon had just returned from Russia, where his mighty army had perished by the avenging sword and the remorseless climate. The armies of the north were gathering, to pour themselves upon France and crush its haughty emperor. He must have instant succor and support.

New levies must be raised. The people must rally for the defence of France. Orders were sent to every quarter of the kingdom, and conscriptions were made, by lot, among the young men, throughout the country.

Narcisse and Pierre heard the rumors of Napoleon's disasters, and the levies that were to be made for the new army. Pierre's heart sank within him, for he foresaw that he should probably be among the conscripts. His sister did every thing in her power to raise his courage — to stir wit' n him some ardor for his country's honor, and an emulation of that renown which belonged to the name he bore. She painted the attitude of France, threatened by the enemy: she appealed to that glory which surrounded the name of Napoleon. She spoke of the gallant achievements of her father, and a long list of proud family names that had gone before. But it was all in vain. Conscious of the ignominy which attached to cowardice, the poor youth wept in agony. "I can die, I can perish, Narcisse," said he, "but I can never become a soldier."

The evil day was not long in coming. The order for the conscription reached the village, and Pierre was drawn as one of the conscripts. When he heard the news, he fainted and fell to the earth. His sister, who now seemed to live only for her brother, shrinking with horror at the idea of having the mortifying truth made known, imputed his illness to some other cause.

Determined, at all hazards, to save him from disgrace, she resolved herself to take his place in the army. Making the necessary preparations in secret, and accompanied by a trusty maid, she set out

for the place of rendezvous, which was some twenty miles distant. Reporting herself at the appointed station, she was received and enrolled under the name of Pierre Marbœuf. Nor was the opportunity for trying her resolution long deferred. The troops of Russia, Prussia, and Germany, soon crossed the Rhine, and were now actually upon the soil of France. With a celerity that seemed miraculous, Napoleon was again in the field, and at the head of a powerful army. Several skirmishes had already taken place between the hostile forces, and at last they were drawn out in long array, preparatory to a pitched battle. Narcisse, with a fluttering heart, yet with a resolute step, was in the ranks, and saw the morning rise upon the stirring spectacle.

We must now leave her in her place for a few moments, and return to her native village, and her brother Pierre. A faithful old servant, by the name of Jacques, had penetrated the secret of his master's weakness; and though Narcisse had attempted to conceal her plan and purpose, he understood both. Indignant at what he conceived the pusillanimity of young Marbœuf, two days after his sister's departure he taunted him to his face. In his wrath, he forgot his habits of respect for his master, and actually called him a coward.

The blood flew to the young man's cheek, and tingled in his fingers. He lifted his arm and frowned, as if he were about to strike his servant. The old man curled his lip disdainfully, and said, "You dare not strike — Pierre Marbœuf is a coward." Stung to the quick, and feeling an impulse in his breast that had never stirred him before, Pierre sprang upon

Jacques, and hurled him to the ground, as if he had been a boy. The old man arose, and clapped his hands with delight. "Thank Heaven," said he, "my master, you are still a Marbœuf. Fly, fly to the field! your sister is there as your representative. Fly, if you would save her life and your own fame. The two armies are drawn up at B——. To-morrow the engagement takes place. There is time — you may be there!"

In a brief space, every preparation was made. Pierre was mounted, and, with his father's sword at his side, he set off for B——. In the midst of the battle, he reached the village. The whole scene around was a spectacle of strife, and wreck, and carnage; but the youth now felt that he was a Marbœuf, and he plunged at once into the fight. It was a general charge upon the enemy, and, after a short contest, they were driven back.

Yet they still bravely contested the field, and strove to possess themselves of a small group of houses, which were fiercely defended by a detachment of French troops. The corps which Pierre had joined, in his random ardor, now came up; a desperate assault was at this moment made, and the enemy were effectually repulsed. Emerging from one of the buildings, Pierre now saw an effeminate-looking soldier begrimed with powder, and sprinkled with blood. He could not be mistaken: it was Narcisse. She tottered, reeled forward, and fell. Her brother was instantly at her side, and she was borne from the field. She was not wounded, but had swooned only at the moment that she had caught a glimpse of her brother fighting bravely in the thickest of the ranks.

MANAGEMENT. — Without method, time is nearly valueless; it is wasted in unprofitable occupations, or frittered away in unconscious idleness. The old adage of "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," may be well applied to the employment of time: "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." Many an idle minute might be so filled up, in a family, as to save hours of future labor. Where it is of consequence to economize time, there order should more peculiarly reign.

---

SAGACITY OF BIRDS. — In the swampy regions of La Plata, in South America, when the inundations of the River Paraguay commence, the birds, of which there are vast numbers, have the sagacity to build their nests in the tops of trees, far out of the reach of the water; and these nests are made of a kind of adhesive clay, so hard, that no cement can be more endurable, or impervious to the weather.

---

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and requires nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

---

DID you ever know a Frenchman who admired Waterloo bridge?



### The Bamboo.

**I**T is doubtful whether Nature has conferred upon the inhabitants of hot countries any boon more valuable than the bamboo—to such a multitude of useful purposes are its light, strong, and graceful stems applied. They are pushed forth by a strong, jointed, subterraneous root-stock, which is the trunk of the tree, the shoots being the branches. The latter are very hard, and hollow inside, being divided by numerous partitions.

When full grown, a bamboo is a straight rod, bearing a number of stiff branches, which shoot at nearly right angles from the main stem. It seems, at first, difficult to imagine how such a stem elevates itself through the dense mass of rigid branches, which cross each other in every direction. This is, however, arranged in a very simple manner. The young shoot, when it is first produced, is

a perfectly simple sucker, like a shoot of asparagus; but having a sharp point, it easily pierces the dense and overhanging branches. It is only when it has arrived at its full length, and has penetrated through all obstacles, that it forms its lateral shoots, which readily interpose themselves amid the stems.

There are many species of the bamboo, all of which are useful. The young shoots of some are eaten like asparagus; the full-grown stems, when ripe and hard, are converted into bows, arrows, quivers, fishing-rods, masts of vessels, bed-posts, walking-sticks, floors, supporters of rustic bridges, chairs, and a variety of other purposes. By notching their sides, the Malays form wonderfully light ladders. Bruised and crushed in water, the leaves and stems form Chinese paper; some species are used for lining tea-chests,

cut into lengths, and the partitions knocked out, they form durable water-pipes. Slit into strips, they form excellent material for weaving mats, baskets, window-blinds, and even the sails of boats.

It is, however, for the purposes of building that the bamboo is most important. The frame-work of the houses in Sumatra is chiefly composed of this material. The floors are made of the whole canes, laid close to each other. The sides are made of the stems, split and flattened, and the roof is formed of a thatch split into various strips.

Great hopes are entertained of introducing this most useful tree into other countries; and, as it grows in dry and stony places, where nothing else flourishes, its introduction would be of great importance.

### Do as you would be done by.

FRANCIS HOWE was a promising lad, about twelve years old. He was the eldest son of a widowed mother, who felt exceedingly anxious that he should become a worthy and useful man. For this reason, she was very particular that her son should keep good company. I do not mean, by this, that she cared whether the boys he associated with wore a handsome coat, or lived in fine houses; by good company Mrs. Howe meant those who were good in their feelings, their principles, and their manners. Francis did not always judge of these things exactly as his mother did, as we shall see from the following conversation. One day he came running home from school, his face beaming with joy. "O moth-

er," exclaimed he, "I have run all the way, — I was in such a hurry to tell you that Tom Gordon has invited me to his party to-morrow."

"I am sorry for it," replied the mother.

"Sorry!" replied Frank; "why, I thought you would be very much pleased. What makes you sorry?"

"Because I am afraid, my son, that you are not in good company when you are with Thomas Gordon."

"Good company!" cried Frank; — "if I lived in such a house as Tom does, and could give such an elegant party, I should think Governor Lincoln himself might accept my invitation."

"Perhaps he might, and President Adams likewise," replied the widow, smiling at her son's simplicity; "but, notwithstanding the great house and the delightful party, I do not like Tom Gordon should be an acquaintance of yours. I am sure he is not a boy of good principles. He has several times been dismissed from school, and is often engaged in mischievous, unfeeling tricks. It is said he is very inattentive to his sick mother; and I have myself seen him behave very improperly at church."

"But I think he is becoming a better boy," answered Frank. "Since he has been at our school, he has been at the head of his division almost all the time. Besides, I don't think it can do me any hurt to go and see him just this once. I want to see the garden, and the greenhouse, and the museum, very much; and Tom says I shall take a ride on his little pony, next Saturday, if you will let me come. Indeed, my dear mother, I will behave just as if you were looking at me all the time; and if I see any conduct I

think you would not approve, I will tell you all about it, and never ask to go again, unless you think proper."

"Very well, my boy," said his anxious mother; "you may go and judge for yourself. I cannot be always with you, to caution you against evil example. It is necessary you should learn many a hard, but useful lesson, by experience. I have but two directions to give; one is, that you should tell me what boys are there, and what amusements you have; and the next is, that you should promise not to engage in any cruel or mischievous sport. If any such things are proposed, remember the golden rule, and ask your conscience whether you are doing as you would be done by."

Frank readily promised to do all this; and the next day he set out for Mr. Gordon's, in a great flutter of spirits. It was the first time in his life that he had been abroad alone, and he had keen expectations of pleasure; besides that, he felt more manliness and responsibility than usual,—for the weight of a promise was on his mind,—and his mother had reasoned with him as if he were a man, and had allowed him to try an experiment which she did not altogether approve.

When he was ready to go, his mother had given him his nicely-brushed hat, and his clean silk handkerchief, and said, with a serious smile, "Remember the golden rule, my dear boy."

"My mother is very solemn about such a trifling thing as going to Tom Gordon's party," thought Frank. "If I were going to New York, she would not load me with more good advice."

But the next moment Frank remembered how often he had thought his moth-

er too particular, and had found, in the end, that she was right, and he was wrong.

The lads were soon assembled, and the plays began. There was a large tilter and a large swing prepared for them; they had mimic gymnastics; and they walked in the garden. No sooner did one amusement tire than another was proposed. The museum delighted them. Among other curiosities were ancient dresses and garments, bought of our Indians. The boys put them on, and disguised themselves in masks. When they were weary of this, they called for active sports; and, a room being prepared, they were soon engaged in blind man's buff. A new visitor was introduced at this time, who was received by Tom with a very hearty welcome. There was something strange in his appearance, and Frank soon discovered that the boy was a real idiot, brought there to make sport for the company; then he thought of the golden rule, and remembered the promise he had made his mother. The boy seemed timid at first; and Frank asked him to stand by him, and he would take care of him. If he had not reason, he seemed instinctively to understand that Frank would be kind to him. It was Tom's object to make fun of him as long as the company should be amused; but Frank won over so many to think, with him, that it would be disgraceful to make sport of such an unfortunate creature, that Tom concluded to dismiss him, if the company would only please to see Billy eat a great apple, which he was going to give him. This seemed a very strange proposal; and Frank suspected there was some trick to be played at the expense of the poor fool,

but he could not guess what it was. He asked little Henry Gordon to tell him ; and the child readily whispered to him that the apple had been dug out and filled with pepper.

"He shall not eat it," said Frank ; and, manfully stepping up to Tom, "For shame !" said he, lowering his voice ; "how would you like, if you were a poor idiot, to have such a trick played you ? Give me the apple, or I will break friendship with you. For shame ! it is wicked ; it is cowardly ; there is no fun in it. Give me the apple, or I will take it by force, rather than witness such a cruel action."

"You shall not have it," said Tom. "I care not for your friendship or your threats."

"Who will join me," said Frank, "to prevent an act of cruelty ?"

"I will join you," said a dozen voices at once ; and the little band ranged themselves around their leader, determined to obey him. A fight would have been the consequence, had not Tom, at this moment, thought best to make peace, and give up the apple, for fear of an exposure.

"Step aside with me, Frank," said Tom. "You have spoiled the sport ; but I will say nothing about that, and give up the apple, if you will not tell the rest of the boys the trick I intended to play with it."

Frank accepted the conditions ; peace was restored, and the idiot sent home.

Tom then showed the lads an electrical machine, which astonished them exceedingly. Frank voluntarily presented himself to be electrified, though the other boys were afraid. He courageously stood,

as he was directed, upon a cake of resin, and held the chain connected with the machine. After some time, he was told that he was all over possessed with the electric virtue.

"It is a curious way of obtaining virtue of any kind," said Frank, "for I have not labored for it. Explain it to me — do, Tom."

"Kiss little Henry," said Tom, "and then we shall see how brilliantly your virtue shines."

Little Henry held up his pretty face to be kissed ; but as soon as Frank's lips approached his, sparks of fire snapped from his mouth. The child was frightened, and Frank was astonished. He wished to understand the principle ; but Tom told him it was no time then for a scientific lecture. "It is enough for me to turn the machine, and see the fire flaming from such a cold creature as you are," said he. "I shall leave it to you to study about it, and instruct us when you are better informed."

After tea, the boys took their leave ; except Frank, who was requested to spend the evening. Tom invited him to his chamber, which was on the street, and commanded a view of all the passengers.

"Now, Frank," said Tom, "I want you to join me in the best frolic you ever heard of. With this bow and arrow I can shoot off the hats of the men that pass by. I shall hide ; you must tell me when to take aim : then you must run into the street, and bring me up the arrow. After we have amused ourselves in this way until we are tired, I want you to go with me, and rob old Susy's peach-tree. She showed it to me this morning ; and the mean old creature would not give or

sell me one peach. 'No, no,' said she; 'my son is to be at home to-morrow, and I must have them all to welcome him.' An old fool! how she will scold and chatter, to-morrow morning, when she finds them all gone!"

Frank was silent in astonishment. Until this day, he might be considered "unspotted from the world." He seldom sought his pleasures from home: there his mother and sisters were ever ready to lay aside their work, that they might amuse him.

"Now I know," thought he, "why my dear mother was so anxious about my making this acquaintance. Now I know that Tom Gordon is in truth a dangerous associate. Now I must remember my promise, and prevent the passengers from being incommoded, and the poor woman's tree from being robbed." Before he could recover himself sufficiently to speak, Tom sprang to the window, and declared there was an old quiz coming up the street, with a cocked hat on, and that he would soon see how he looked bare-headed. "Look at him, Frank," said he; "what is he stopping for?"

The old man, from his manner of walking, and of carrying his head, appeared to have been a soldier. His hair was white and abundant; his dress old-fashioned, but gentlemanly; he looked venerable, but sorrowful; he was shaking hands with a very poor man, who seemed delighted to see him.

"They have been in many a battle together," said Tom, "and here I must stand waiting for the old fellow."

"Put up your arrow, and think no more of this play," replied Frank. "Look at him—he is giving the poor

man money. See, he seems to tell him not to thank him, but to thank Heaven. He is a stranger, Tom. I never saw him in the city before. You surely would not hurt an old soldier, who, perhaps, has fought for our liberty. Don't you know, *stranger* is a sacred name?"

"Hurt him! I do not wish to hurt him," replied Tom; "the point of my arrow is blunted, and I only want to relieve him from the burden of his hat. Now for it—here he comes!"

He fixed the arrow, and was about to draw the cord, when Frank seized him, and a serious scuffle was the consequence. Frank was the strongest, but Tom had more experience in these encounters. He watched his opportunity, and tripped his antagonist, who, in falling, struck his head against a table, and swooned immediately. Tom forgot his resentment, and the old man's cocked hat, when he saw Frank lying apparently dead. He wept and wrung his hands, he kissed him, and begged him to speak, if it were but one word. The family were called, and Frank was laid upon a bed, and all the usual applications made for his recovery. It was full half an hour before he opened his eyes.

"Where is Tom?" said he, looking feebly round.

"Here, here I am, and right glad to have you able to speak to me."

"O Tom," said Frank, "don't touch the old woman's peach-tree; let the old woman have her peaches, to treat her son with."

"I won't touch it," said the stricken boy. "I promised, if you did but live, to give up all these foolish pranks."

"Did you?" replied Frank; "ah, if

you will but keep your promise, I shall not be sorry for the pain I now suffer."

"O Frank," said Tom, "you have saved me, perhaps, from murder; for had you willingly joined me in the plot, I intended to have placed some gun-powder under the corner of the old woman's hut, and lit it, merely to frighten her with the noise; but when I looked upon you, apparently dead, I thought that if I had pursued my plan, it might have killed the poor creature with fright."

"She was my mother's nurse," said Frank, "and I have been brought up to pay her every kindness in my power. I staked up the peach-tree for her yesterday, and she has promised to save me the largest she gathers. But come; I must try and return home, or my poor mother will be frightened about me." He tried to stand, but became so faint with the effort, that it was thought necessary to call a carriage, and that Tom should ride home with him, to support his head.

When the lads entered Mrs. Howe's parlor, Frank leaning upon Tom, the first thing that met their sight was the old man with the cocked hat, who was the innocent cause of their quarrel. They were both astonished. One was pained, the other delighted; for Frank immediately suspected the truth, that he had been the champion of his mother's uncle, whom he knew she expected in the evening stage.

"What is the matter? what is the matter?" said the frightened mother, taking her son by the hand.

"Don't be frightened, mother. I shall be better in a little while."

"How did it happen? Where are you hurt?" said she. "O, what a disap-

pointment! I hoped to have shown you to your uncle as fair and as good as I parted from you this afternoon; but I am afraid, Frank, you have not kept your promise."

"I have, mother," said Frank, "and keeping that promise is the greatest pleasure I ever had in my life."

"Then tell how you received this accident; and remember, you gave me your word that you would faithfully tell me all your amusements, and describe the characters of the lads you met. It was not from curiosity, Frank, that I required this promise of you; but that I might judge for myself whether it would be safe for me again to act against my own judgment."

The two lads were both disconcerted. Frank had made this promise to his mother; but how could he bear to hurt Tom's feelings, after he had promised to give up all his foolish pranks, and try, in his hours of pleasure, to be merry and wise? The boys looked confusedly at each other.

"What does all this mean?" said Col. Howard. "There is some mystery here which ought to be explained."

"Tell, Frank," said Tom; "you know your mother will approve all your conduct."

"It will hurt your feelings," said Frank, in a whisper to Tom; "and if I must tell my mother, I choose to do it in secret."

"O Frank," said Mrs. Howe, "I cannot bear to think you have told me a falsehood; and yet appearances are dreadfully against you. Your wound will soon be healed; but if your good principles have deserted you, what shall I do for my son?"

"I will tell you all about it," said Tom, his face glowing with the struggle he had made with himself. "I have promised to try and be good, and I read in a book, yesterday, that, in all great endeavors, the first step is the hardest." He then, without prevarication, told why he had invited Frank, and had promised him a ride upon his little horse; the reason was, that he wished to draw him into some mischief which would injure his character, because he was next to him in the division at school, and was the only boy he was afraid would go above him. It was a hard task that Tom had undertaken; but he went through it, Col. Howard said, with the courage of a soldier. He told how Frank protected the idiot; how he tried to persuade him not to insult the stranger; and how, just recovered from a long fainting fit, the first thought Frank had was to beg him not to rob poor Susy's peach-tree.

The mother and the old soldier shed tears. The first wept tears of joy, that her son's virtue had been tried, and had come out brighter by the trial; the old man wept for his son, his only son, whom he had recently lost. — "Philip was just such a youth," said he.

"Uncle," said Frank, "Philip was a better boy than I shall ever be. Mother has always told me, if I could be half as deserving as cousin Philip, she should be satisfied."

"This young gentleman, if I am not mistaken," said Col. Howard, turning to Tom, "will make a good man yet. I saw the signs of worth beaming from his eyes, as he set forth Frank's good deeds at his own expense. Persevere, my young friend," said the colonel, shaking

him by the hand: "be careful with whom you associate, reject every amusement that is not innocent, have one blessed rule always in your mind, 'Do as you would be done by,' and then —"

"And then," said Tom, "will you let Frank be my friend?"

"I am your friend now," said Frank, "and shall always consider this as the happiest day I have yet known."

"I hope in time I may encourage this friendship," said Mrs. Howe. "You must visit Frank. My daughters and myself will join in your amusements; but I cannot give you my confidence, Master Gordon, until you have deserved it. My son has no father to watch over him, and guard him from evil."

"Yes, he has," said Col. Howard. "Your boy has won my heart in this short interview. I am now alone in the world. Frank shall be the son of my adoption, and my fortune will enable me to educate him as he deserves. I have fought for his liberties, and he has fought to protect my gray head."

"Will you, indeed," said Frank, "be my father? How shall I merit such kindness?"

"By never forgetting the golden rule," said Col. Howard — "Do as you would be done by." — *Juvenile Miscellany.*

---

SUNDAYS observe; think, when the bells do chime,

'Tis angels' music: therefore come not late;  
God then deals blessings.

Let vain or busy thoughts have then no part:  
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure  
thither.

Christ purged his temple, so must thou thy heart. — *Herbert.*



### The Manna-Tree.

THE tree which produces the manna known in the shops, is an ash of a peculiar quality. It grows in the south of Italy and Sicily. At the warmest season, the tree most abounds in sap, and, accordingly, in August the people make incisions into the bark. These are two inches long horizontally, and half an inch in depth. On incision, the manna immediately begins to flow, at first in the form of water, but it gradually becomes thicker. A leaf is inserted into the incision, which conducts the juice into a vessel placed at the foot of the tree. The liquor does not harden till it has remained some time. It has an unpleasant taste, but after the watery parts have evaporated, it is sweeter, but slightly nauseous.

The man in the cut is scraping off the juice which has exuded from and hard-

ened upon the tree, with a knife; this takes the form of icicles upon the bark.

Manna once formed a principal source of emolument in Sicily; but it has now nearly fallen into disuse from our having so many other substances of more medicinal value. The properties of this drug are those of a gentle purgative, particularly adapted to the use of children.

This article must not be confounded with the manna spoken of in Scripture as the food of the Israelites in the deserts of Arabia. This was a small grain, as white as hoar frost, which fell every morning with the dew. During the forty years of their journey in the wilderness, this manna fell in a sufficient quantity for every individual of a million of men to gather three quarts a day for his own use. It was made into a kind of paste, and

baked in pans. It is called in Scripture the "bread of heaven."

There is a vegetable substance, called *manna*, in Arabia, Poland, and Mount Libanus, and other places. It is a kind of condensed liquor, found on the leaves of trees, herbs, rocks, and sometimes on the sands in Arabia. Some writers suppose this to be like that which fell for the Israelites. The Jews, however, and many others, are of opinion that it was a totally different substance from the vegetable manna, and specially provided by the Almighty for his people.

---

### The Jewels.

**T**HE celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from his house, his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and both enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bedchamber, laid them upon the bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies.

In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my sons?" he asked, "that I may give them my blessing. I repeatedly looked round the school, and did not see them there." She reached to him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi,

with thy permission, I would fain ask thee one question." "Ask it then, my love," said he. "A few days ago, a person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What, wouldst thou hesitate, or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied: "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith."

She led him to the chamber, and then stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies. "Ah, my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father: "my sons, the light of mine eyes, and the light of my understanding. I was your father, and you my teachers in the law." The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length, she took her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See! the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too; for well it is written, 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'

---

CLIMB not too high, lest the fall be greater.

Conscience is the chamber of justice.  
Craft bringeth nothing home.



### The Truffle Hunter.

THE common truffle is a sort of fungus, growing entirely under ground; it is sometimes called the *ground mushroom*. There are several kinds, but the eatable one is the most remarkable. It varies in size from that of a hazel-nut to the bigness of a man's fist. It is covered with a thick skin, of a dark color; the inside flesh is firm and veiny. Although the truffle is rare, yet it grows in most countries, and is much sought after as an article of luxury, it being used to give a flavor to sauces; a turkey stuffed with truffles is considered, in France, a great delicacy.

Truffles are usually found under trees in open forest grounds and plantations. They require a light, loamy soil, and a spot shaded from the sun. When ripe, they diffuse a very strong and peculiar odor. By means of this, dogs are taught in Europe to hunt them out, and scratch

them up. This is easily done, as they usually lie only two or three inches beneath the surface of the ground. The dog selected for the purpose is either a poodle, or a French barbet; both kinds are docile, and have a good nose, and not having a very strong instinct for following game, they are not easily taken off their work.

The education of a dog for hunting truffles is very simple. He is first taught to fetch and carry; then the thing is buried under ground, and he learns to scratch it up and give it to his master, who always rewards him by a piece of bread: as his education advances, truffles are used as the subject to be fetched; they are buried in the earth, and the dog is set to find them, reward always following success. The old man represented in the cut, who is a celebrated trainer of truffle-dogs, gener-

ally keeps a few truffles dried or soaked in grease through the winter, thus preserving the odor for the purpose of teaching the young dogs.

After the dog is sufficiently acquainted with the smell of the hidden truffle, so as to scratch for it, the hunter takes him out in the field with a well-trained dog, and they are set to hunt about under the trees to discover the truffle. The hunter often assists the dogs, when they begin to scratch, with a scud, which is represented in the cut; and as soon as the truffle is found, each dog is rewarded by a piece of bread which has been kept in a bag and flavored by the truffles.

The pig has also been trained to hunt this vegetable, but he is very apt to eat it when he finds it. The gourmand has many rivals for the possession of this highly-esteemed delicacy; squirrels, hogs, deer, badgers, and mice, are all eager to search after it in the woods.

Many attempts have been made to cultivate the truffle, but the success is not determined; nothing is known of the process of its dissemination.

---

A RELIC. — A traveller on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty, opaque phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveller said, "Do you call this a relic?" "Sir," said the sacristan, indignantly, "it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

---

BETTER do it than wish it done.  
Debt is the worst kind of poverty.

## Father William.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried;

The few locks which are left you are gray;  
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man:

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,

I remembered that youth would fly fast,  
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,

That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,

And pleasures with youth pass away;  
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,

I remembered that youth could not last,  
I thought of the future whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,

And life must be hastening away;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death:

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied;

Let the cause thy attention engage;  
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,

And He hath not forgotten my age.

*Southey*

---

A HAPPY heart makes a blooming visage.

A burden which one chooses is not felt.  
An oak is not felled at one stroke.



### The Bee and Butterfly: a Fable.

Two insects, a bee and butterfly, once met upon the same flower. The latter was attired in all the gaudy colors of the rainbow: at the same time, her air and manner seemed to show that she thought only of the passing moment, that pleasure was her aim, and that, in the pursuit of this, she forgot every other object. The bee wore a very different aspect. He was clad in a homely suit of brown, and carried about him a striking air of business and bustle.

The butterfly seemed to be somewhat shocked at finding herself so near to such a common, vulgar creature. The bee perceived this, and accordingly spoke as follows: "Pray don't be frightened, my gay lady; I'll not soil your pretty dress, or interfere with your pursuits. But forgive me, ma'am, for asking how it is possible for you to spend all your time in amusement. It seems to me that I should get tired of life, if I did not feel that a great part of my time was usefully employed."

"Our tastes, as well as our destiny,"

said the butterfly, "are happily very different. I could not endure an existence like yours. There is nothing so stupid as being useful. I leave utility to those who are made for drudges. My vocation is to live wholly for enjoyment. Farewell!" Saying this, the butterfly spread her wings, and, with a dancing motion, glided away upon the breeze.

Upon this, the bee made the following sage reflections: "The mere seeker of pleasure is not only short-sighted, but he is selfish. He not only lives an idle and careless life, making no wise preparation for the future, but even his enjoyments are of a poor, vulgar, and contemptible kind. There is a never-failing source of enjoyment in usefulness, and there is no happiness so abiding and so satisfactory as the consciousness of pursuing a useful career. How despicable, then, is a life of mere pleasure! How truly low-minded is the individual, who, in the pursuit of fashion and folly, sneers at those who are discharging the serious duties of life!"



### Indian Ball-Player.

**T**HE engraving represents an Indian playing at ball, a favorite game among the Choctaws, as well as some other tribes. This can never be appreciated by those who are not happy enough to see it. Six or eight hundred men frequently engage in throwing the ball, which they do by means of small hoops at the end of sticks; these have thongs of leather stretched across to prevent the ball going through. The ball-player catches the ball between the two hoops, and throws it again, never using his hands. A scene of this description, with the ball-players painted of different colors, running and leaping into the air in desperate struggles for the ball, is said by Catlin to be equal to any thing that ever inspired the hand of an artist in Greece or Rome.

---

DEPEND not on fortune, but on conduct.

### Humility.

THE bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest,  
And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in the shade, where all things rest;  
In lark and nightingale we see  
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"  
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;  
And Lydia's gently opened heart  
Was made for God's own temple meet.  
Fairest and best adorned is she  
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears Heaven's brightest  
crown  
In deepest adoration bends;  
The weight of glory bows him down  
Then most, when most his soul ascends.  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility.

Montgomery.

---

DR. JOHNSON'S DYING REQUEST.—  
When near death, this great man requested three things of his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds: first, that he would forgive him the sum of thirty pounds, which he had borrowed from him; secondly, that he would read the Bible; and thirdly, that he would never use his pencil on Sunday. Sir Joshua readily acquiesced.

---

TIMES of calamity and confusion have ever been productive of great minds. The purest ore is produced in the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

---

MANY hands make light work.  
Despise none — despair of none.



### The Beaver and the Monkey: a Fable.

**A**N industrious beaver was one day occupied in her household cares, when her neighbor, a gossiping monkey, made her a call. The latter immediately began to talk of the weather, the fashions, and the scandal of the village. She rattled away for some time, the beaver treating her with politeness. But when a full hour had passed away, she broke in upon the discourse of the monkey, saying, "Will you excuse me, neighbor? I am very busy this morning, and I shall be obliged if you will allow me to attend to my domestic affairs."

The monkey seemed greatly piqued, but still she departed, saying to herself, "What a miserable, stupid life Mistress Beaver leads! I should really die if I could not have a dish of gossip, at least once a day. But this creature seems to care for nothing but scrubbing and scouring, and making things comfortable about the house."

The beaver overheard these reflections,

and said to herself, "Our tastes are indeed very different. I despise gossip, if it is idle, and I hate it if it is scandalous. But the gentle and quiet labors which render my home pleasant are a source of unfailing peace and contentment. I am quite willing to be the subject of Mistress Monkey's sneers, when I can so clearly see that her plan of life is vain and foolish, while mine may claim the approbation of both virtue and wisdom."

---

**CURIOUS.**—Naturalists tell of a sea-bird which lays but one egg, without making any nest, or preparation of any kind for its reception. She deposits it on a sharp stone, and it is rendered firm and immovable by a kind of white cement, which glues the egg to the spot: if the egg should be removed by any means, it cannot be replaced, and rolls down into the sea.



*The great Chestnut-Tree, on Mount Etna.*

## Great Trees.

**T**HE great chestnut-tree on Mount Etna is one of the most celebrated in the world. It is 196 feet round close to the ground, and five of its branches are like large trees. It has been an object of curiosity for ages.

There is a chestnut-tree at Tamworth, in England, 52 feet round. It was planted in the year 800; and, in the reign of Stephen, in 1135, it formed a boundary called the "Great Chestnut-Tree." In 1759, it bore nuts, which produced young trees.

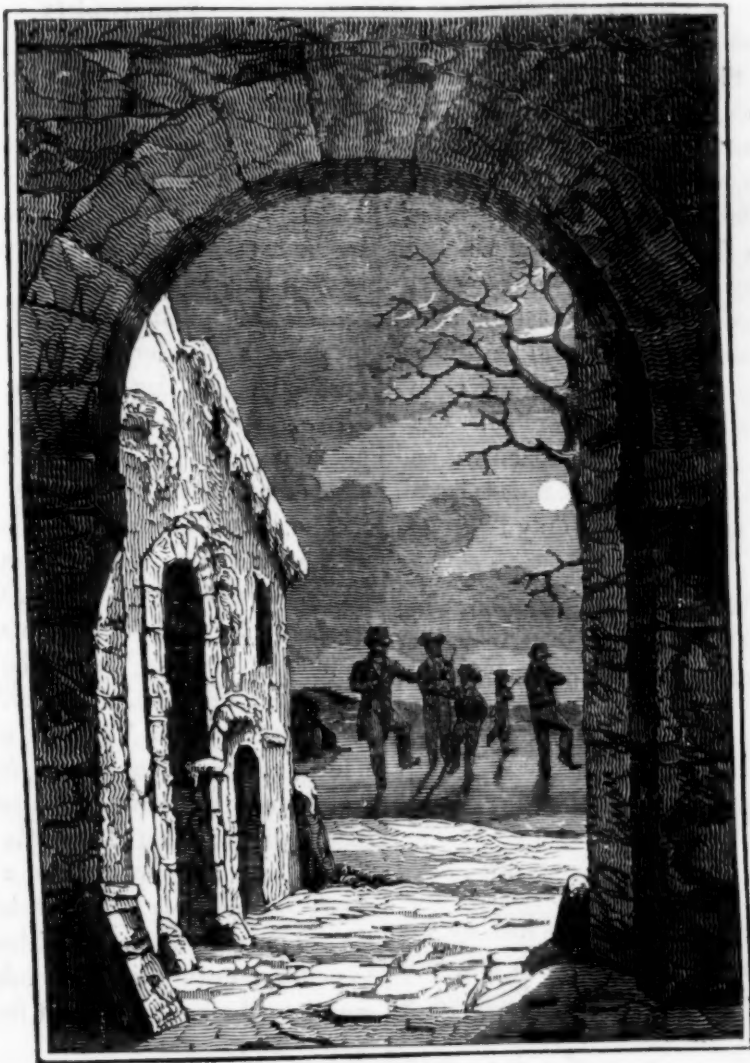
The banyan-tree is a native of most parts of India, and has been so often described as to be familiar to almost every reader. The branches spread to a great extent, dropping their roots here and there, which, as soon as they reach the ground, rapidly increase in size, till they become as large as the parent trunk — by which means, the quantity of ground they cover is almost incredible. They

are said to afford sufficient space, under their branches, to shelter a whole regiment of cavalry. Some have been seen five hundred yards in circumference, and a hundred feet high.

There is a very celebrated cypress-tree near Santa Maria del Tule, in the province of Oaxaca, republic of Mexico. This was measured by Baron Humboldt, and found to be one hundred and eighteen feet in circumference! This makes forty feet in diameter. This tree has no sign of decay; and though its foliage is less lively than that of smaller trees, this patriarch of the forest, calculated by all the data applied to the age of trees, has lived at least four thousand years, and perhaps even longer. There is said to be a tree in Gambia 132 feet in circumference

---

GIVE a rogue rope enough, and he will hang himself.



### Sports of the Season.

**I**T is now the time for our young friends to improve the opportunity for sliding, skating, and coasting. Of course these things are past for an old fellow like me — one who has been to the wars, and has come off with a cork leg; but for the young, the light-hearted and happy, we know of nothing more delightful than

our winter sports. These must not interfere with business or duty; they must not go before your lessons, and make you forget or dislike books and study. No, no! Attend to these matters first: do whatever is to be done, thoroughly, and then you will find your pleasures doubly sweet.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that a life of mere pleasure is desirable. Play, all the time, would become insipid, if not disagreeable. It is also a great mistake to suppose that amusements can be truly and heartily enjoyed, unless the conscience is satisfied. If there is a feeling within, that we have not done our duty, — that we have neglected something that claims our attention, — all our pleasures will be hollow and vain; in the midst of seeming enjoyment we shall still be miserable. Conscience will rise up and reproach us, and say, in a voice which is felt if not heard, "You have not done your duty!"

---

**SIBERIAN SEASONS.** — The following is an account of the year in Lapland or Siberia: June 23, snow melts. July 1, snow gone. July 9, fields green. July 25, plants in flower. August 13, plants go to seed. August 18, snow. This continues till June 23.

---

**PUN.** — A certain colonel, who was very much in debt, was once told by his servant that a person wanted to see him on particular business. On asking for a description of the individual, he was represented to be a 'man of color.' "O, say no more," said the colonel; "I know the color; *it is a dun.*"

---

**SHETLAND FULL DRESS.** — In Shetland, the people wear very substantial shoes, as the roads are rocky and precipitous. An old gentleman used to say, that "in the morning he wore three rows of nails on his shoes; but for full dress, only two rows."

## Punctuality.

**M**R. SCOTT, of Exeter, in England, travelled on business until he was eighty years of age. He was one of the most celebrated characters in the kingdom for punctuality; and, by his methodical conduct, joined to uniform diligence, he gradually amassed a large fortune. For a long series of years, the proprietors of every inn he frequented knew the very day and hour he would arrive. A short time before he died, a gentleman on a journey in Cornwall stopped at a small inn to dine.

The waiter presented him with the bill of fare, which he did not approve of, but, observing a fine duck serving up, he said he should like that for his dinner. "You cannot have it, sir," said the landlord; "that is for Mr. Scott, of Exeter." "I know Mr. Scott very well," said the gentleman; "he is some miles distant from here." "He is not here now, sir, certainly," said the landlord; "but *six months ago, when he was here last, he ordered a duck to be ready for him this day, precisely at two o'clock;*" and, to the astonishment of the traveller, he saw the old gentleman jogging into the inn-yard about five minutes before the appointed time.

---

**A HINT.** — "Thomas," said a troublesome family visitor to the footman, who had been lingering round the room for half an hour to show him the door, "my good fellow, its getting late, is n't it? How soon will dinner come up, Thomas?" "The very minute you are gone, sir," was the answer.



### An Indian Dandy.

THIS is a representation of *Raw-no-way-cooh-krah*, one of the Ottoe chiefs. He is dressed in a tunic made of the entire skin of a grisly bear, with a head-dress of war-eagle's quills. Mr. Catlin, who travelled among the Indians, and painted the portraits of many of them, has furnished us a great many amusing sketches of these children of the forest. Foppery and dandyism seem to be as common among them as among the inhabitants of towns and cities.

In the present instance, we think *Raw-no-way-cooh-krah* has the advantage over civilized dandies. He is clothed in the skin of a grisly bear, which he slew by his own prowess; and the eagle that furnished the feathers for his head-dress was brought down by his own arrow. Such an attire bespeaks action, and may fitly become a theme of exultation; but how

a man should be proud of the gloss or cut of a coat which are produced by the skill of others, it is difficult to conceive.

### The Boy and the Butterfly.

*Boy.* — THE butterfly does nought but play  
All the long, long, sunny day.  
You say God made the butterfly  
To frolic so — why may not I?

*Aunt M.* — The butterfly 's a foolish thing,  
Chased only for his showy wing:  
He lives a day or two, and dies, —  
It is no matter where he flies.

*Boy.* — I've got my lesson long ago —  
So after the butterfly I'll go.  
I love to chase him off the flowers,  
And wet his wing with pop-gun  
showers.

*Aunt M.* — But the fly was *made* to suck the  
flowers;  
It is his food, as milk is ours;  
And if he cannot read and spin,  
The butterfly commits no sin.

*Boy.* — But if I waste my precious time,  
I shall be guilty of a crime.  
In peace let harmless insects die,  
Dunces may chase the butterfly.

READING A DICTIONARY THROUGH. —  
A Scotchman, having borrowed a dictionary from one of his neighbors, was asked by him, on returning it, how he liked it. "I dinna ken, man," replied he. "I have read it all through, but canna say that I understand it; it is the most confused book I ever saw in my life."

DOING nothing is doing ill.

## An Apparition.

**D**R. FOWLER, bishop of Gloucester in the early part of the 13th century, was a believer in apparitions. The following conversation is said to have taken place between him and Judge Powell.

"Since I saw you," said the judge, "I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions."

"I am glad," said the bishop, "that you have become a convert to the truth; but do you say *actual ocular demonstration*? Let me know the particulars of the story."

"My lord, I will. It was — let me see — last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awaked by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up the stairs, and stalking directly towards my room. The door flying open, I drew my curtain, and saw a faint, glimmering light enter my chamber."

"Of a blue color, no doubt."

"The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall, meagre personage, his locks hoary with age, and clothed in a long, loose gown; a leather girdle was about his loins, his beard was thick and grizzly, a large fur cap was on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent; the figure advanced, staring me full in the face. I then said, 'Whence, and what art thou?'"

"What was the answer? tell me — what was the answer?"

"The following, my lord, was the an-

swer I received. 'I am watchman of the night, an't please your honor, and made bold to come up stairs to inform the family of the street door being open, and that, if it was not shut, they would probably be robbed before morning.'"

---

## The Economy of Trees.

**T**HE economy of trees, plants, and vegetables, is a curious subject of inquiry, and in all of them we may trace the hand of a beneficent Creator.

The same care which he has bestowed on his creatures is extended to plants. This is remarkably the case with respect to the holly. The edges of the leaves of this tree are provided with long, sharp spines, as high up as cattle can reach; above that height, the leaves are smooth, the protecting spines being no longer necessary. Southey has communicated this interesting fact in the following lines:—

"O reader, hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly-tree?"

The eye that contemplates it well, perceives  
Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an intelligence so wise  
As might confound an atheist's sophistries.  
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
Can reach to wound;

But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves  
appear."

---

CATCH the bear before you sell his skin.  
Do not halloo till you are out of the wood.

## Try.

MARY JONES, and her brother Edmund, had no father or mother; but they had a sister, who was older than themselves, and who was very kind to them. She used to teach them every day to read and write, and to sew very prettily; besides that, she wished them to learn lessons in Colburn's Arithmetic. Perhaps some of my little readers may not have met with this book; and it may seem hard that Mary and Edmund should be desired to study any thing so difficult as arithmetic; but you must remember that their sister was very kind to them, and, therefore, would not be likely to give them any thing to learn which was too hard for them. Edmund was eight years old, and was able to answer directly to any of the first questions in fractions; such as, "Seven fourths of twelve are how many times six?" and he attended so closely to it, that he understood the proportions of numbers very well. But Mary, who was seven years old, was, I am sorry to say it, unable to answer, "How many are two and five?" or any of those simple questions. She had not *attended*, as her brother had done; and this was the reason she had not succeeded in learning as well.

"Sister, have you the headache to-day? Your eyes look sick," said Mary, affectionately.

"Yes, my dear, my head does ache; but I will try to teach you, notwithstanding, about your lesson; and if you are attentive, I can make you understand it in a few minutes. What is your lesson to-day?"

Mary's face lengthened very much, as

she answered, dolefully, "It is, *How many gills in a quart?* and, sister, I cannot find it out; I've been studying a great while, and I know I never shall understand it."

Her sister took a slate and pencil, and marked out a circle, which she said should stand for a *quart*; then she drew a line across the middle of it, and divided the circle into two parts. "One of these halves, Mary, is a pint; you know two pints make a quart. Now, I will divide this pint into two parts, and each part, you know, is half a pint; in a half-pint there are two gills, — make a dot for each gill, — now divide the rest as you have seen me do this."

"I cannot, sister."

"Well, Mary, then I will do it. I place a dot for each gill. Now count the gills; there are eight. I think you understand now, Mary."

"Yes, sister, I think I do. May I take my spelling?"

"Very soon. Now tell me, lest you forget it, Mary, how many gills in a quart?"

"I don't know — I never shall learn those hard questions;" and Mary looked very red, for she was a good deal ashamed of her inattention, while her kind sister had been trying to teach her. She looked up in her sister's face, and saw that she looked very ill, and her eyes were full of tears. Mary would much rather she had spoken harshly to her than to look so grieved; and her own heart told her she had done very wrong to try the patience of one who had been so good to her. But she did not like to say that she was sorry; so she took her spelling-book, and bent her head over it, to study very hard.

In a little time, Edmund was ready to

repeat his lesson. It was short, but he understood it fully, and answered every question readily. His sister kissed him, and then she said, "Mary, you remember that little fan of mine with the ivory handle, that you like so much; if you will commit your lesson in arithmetic, perfectly, for a week, you shall have it for your own."

Mary did not speak a word, but she hid her face in her spelling-book, and the tears dropped thick and fast from her eyes. It was a long time before she could command her voice sufficiently to say, "I do not wish for the fan."

"Not wish for it, Mary? I thought you did wish for it very much."

"I mean," said Mary, "I wish to learn my lesson, to please you, and because I ought to do so, and not for the sake of the fan; and I do not want you to give it to me, if I do get my lesson. Indeed, sister, I will try to learn better, if you will not look so sorry."

Her sister did not look sorry then; but she kissed Mary, and told her, if she pleased, she might come and attend, that moment, to her arithmetic lesson. When the explanation was finished, Mary answered to the question, of "How many gills to a quart?" — "Eight."

In a few months she understood all the mysteries of her arithmetic; if at any time her lesson seemed too difficult, she recollected the time when she learned the number of gills to a quart, and would say, very gravely, to her brother, "After all, Edmund, there is nothing like trying; for I find, when I *really try*, that I can learn any thing — any thing, I mean, in fractions and spelling; and I remember, when I did not get my lessons perfectly,

it was always because I was thinking of something besides counting. I was always thinking of our blocks, and how we should make a temple, and put the kitten inside, or something else that had nothing to do with the lesson. I tell you this, Edmund," she concluded, with a dignified air, "so that you may know how to correct yourself if — if you should not study well. Come, let us go build a pagoda." — *Juvenile Miscellany*.

### King Charles I.'s Golden Rules.

1. URGE no healths.
2. Profane no divine ordinances.
3. Touch selfishly no state matters.
4. Reveal no secrets.
5. Pick no quarrels.
6. Make no odious comparisons.
7. Maintain no ill opinions.
8. Keep no bad company.
9. Encourage no vice.
10. Make no luxurious meals.
11. Repeat no grievances.
12. Lay no wagers.

WE never know the worth of water till the well is dry.

FEELINGS. — Like the sounds of an organ, our feelings will burst forth if you press the proper key; and, among the objects which can thus press us, none is so effective over a man's feelings as his own words, thoughts, and actions; hence a man can excite in himself any feeling, if he know of the words, thoughts, and actions, with which the feeling is associated.

## Respect inspired by Benevolence.

**A**BOUT a century ago, an actor, celebrated for his powers of mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the eccentric, but benevolent Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character.

The mimic accordingly dressed himself up as a countryman, and waited on the doctor, with a long catalogue of ailments, which, he said, afflicted his wife. The physician heard, with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. At length, being completely master of his subject, the actor drew from his purse a guinea, and, with a scrape, made an uncouth offer of it.

"Put up thy money, poor fellow," said the doctor, "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash, and thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole of the conversation, with such true appreciation of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures, however, were soon checked; for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that "he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public laughing-stock."

---

EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune.

Trade is the mother of money.

## The Solar System.

POISED in the centre hangs the glorious SUN,  
Round which the rapid MERCURY doth run;  
Next, in due order, VENUS wheels her flight,  
And then the EARTH, and MOON, her satellite;  
Next, fiery MARS pursues his red career;  
Beyond, the circling ASTEROIDS appear;  
The belted JUPITER remoter flies,  
With his four moons attendant, thro' the skies;  
The bright-ringed SATURN roams more distant still,

With seven swift moons, his circuit to fulfil;  
While, with six satellites, that round him roll,  
URANUS slowly circumvolves the whole.

But far beyond, unscanned by mortal eye,  
In widening spheres, bright suns and systems lie,

Circling in measureless infinity!

Pause o'er the mighty scheme, O man! and raise

Your feeble voice to the CREATOR's praise!

---

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED. — "I recollect," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "to have seen a Mr. Clerk, in Queen's county, who was a carpenter, polishing and smoothing the seat of a bench he was making for the session justices, at the court-house. When laughed at, by his brother carpenters, for the great pains he was bestowing upon his work, he smilingly observed, that he was doing it to make it *an easy seat for himself*, as he was resolved, before he died, to sit thereupon; and he kept his word. He was an industrious man — honest, respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence — he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit, as a magistrate, on the very bench that he had sawed and planed."

### Accomplished Shoplifter.

A YOUNG gentleman, lately residing in Edinburgh, was the master of a handsome spaniel bitch, which he had bought from a dealer in dogs. The animal had been educated to steal, for the benefit of its protector; but it was some time ere its new master became aware of this irregularity of morals, and he was not a little astonished, and teased, by its constantly bringing home articles of which it had feloniously obtained possession. Perceiving, at length, that the animal proceeded systematically in this sort of behavior, he used to amuse his friends by causing the spaniel to give proofs of her sagacity in the Spartan art of privately stealing — putting, of course, the shopkeepers where he meant she should exercise her faculty on their guard as to the issue.

The process was curious, and excites some surprise at the pains which must have been bestowed, to qualify the animal for these practices. As soon as the master entered the shop, the dog seemed to avoid all appearance of recognizing or acknowledging any connection with him, but lounged about in an indolent, disengaged, and independent sort of manner, as if she had come into the shop of her own accord. In the course of looking over some wares, her master indicated, by a touch on the parcel, and a look towards the spaniel, that which he desired she should appropriate, and then left the shop.

The dog, whose watchful eye caught the hint in an instant, instead of following her master out of the shop, continued to sit at the door, or lie by the fire, watch-

ing the counter until she observed the attention of the people withdrawn from the prize which she wished to secure. Whenever she saw an opportunity of doing so, as she imagined, unobserved, she never failed to jump upon the counter with her fore feet, possess herself of the parcel, and escape from the shop to join her master.

---

### Living Recommendation.

A GERMAN writer gives the following incident: "I found, one day, in a street in Boston, a turtle walking before the door of an eating-house, with the words 'To-morrow, soup,' written on its shell. The creature was thus doomed to invite man's appetite to partake of its own flesh. I stood a moment, and looked at the victim, encased and protected by nature against all enemies but the knife of the cook, and thought I observed, among the passers-by, a twitching in the corners of the mouth which indicated that the laconic appeal to their palate had not been made in vain. A Frenchman, in the same case, would have invited to his turtle soup by various persuasive means; but the Yankee put an inscription upon the intended victim itself, making it prove, in the most convincing manner possible, its freshness and its fine size."

---

MAKE not your sail too large for your ship.

It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.

## Our Correspondence.

WE acknowledge the receipt of pleasant letters from N. B——r, of New York; S. C. B., of Boston; Wm. H. A., of Roxbury; and A. and R., of Newark. The complaint of the latter shall have attention.

May 6, 1844.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I AM so delighted with your entertaining Magazine, that I thought I must write to you to thank you for the amusement it affords me and the other children of our family. When my kind brother James brings it home, our little hearts leap for joy at the sight of its pleasant, bright face, so full of pretty stories and pictures. That one of the poultry yard made me think of an event that happened amongst my mother's fowls. She had a hen who died and left a family of young chickens. They might have met the same fate, if the cock had not taken them under his wing, and brooded them, until he began to lose all his feathers, and he at last died. They said it was contrary to his nature, and that caused his death.

I send you a conundrum. If you think it too trifling, you need not pay any attention to it.

My first conundrum is what Charles the Twelfth of Sweden was said to be. My second is an article. My third is a kind of air. My fourth is what the god of the sea makes his excursions in; and my whole is an island.

Your much obliged friend,

ELIZA.

North Tewksbury, 1844.

MESSRS. BRADBURY, SODEN, & CO.:

YOUR little friend and subscriber in Tewksbury, L. Lewis Meriam, the 30th of July last, exchanged the busy scenes and bright hopes of childhood, as we trust, for the enduring joys of that happier home above. He had a great fondness for reading, and was much interested in the Museum, and

two years ago, when seven years old, he visited nearly or quite every family in the district, to obtain subscribers.

In kindness of disposition, care of his little sisters, strict adherence to truth, and fixed principles of duty, his example is worthy of imitation by all.

He preserved the Museum with great care, to have them bound.

Respectfully, your friend,

E. L. M.

WE are much obliged to M. B. G., who sends us the following puzzle:—

I am a word of three syllables.

My 1, 3, 4, 5, is a reservoir of water.

My 4, 3, 8, 11, is a place where dwelt a widow named in Scripture.

My 7, 10, 4, is a liquor that does much mischief.

My 5, 8, 11, 7, is one of the titles of Louis Philippe.

My 6, 2, 3, 9, 8, 4, 12, is an act in which a razor bears a part.

My 11, 3, 7, is a kind of horse.

My 7, 3, 12, is a thing proper for a common scold.

My whole is a favorite festival.

Boston, 1844.

MR. MERRY:

I TAKE the liberty to send you a puzzle. If you can guess the right answer, you will understand my wishes in respect to yourself.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 3, 7, 11, 12, is a delicious kind of fruit.

My 3, 11, 4, 2, is the name of a parent.

My 12, 2, 4, 3, 7, 10, is a kind of snuff.

My 1, 11, 12, 4, is a musical instrument.

My 3, 10, 8, is a place in a church.

My 9, 7, 5, is the name of a wonderful tree.

My 11, 5, 7, is a word signifying assent.

My 8, 12, 7, 6, is a lively little bird.

My 3, 11, 12, is what we give to a baby.

My whole is what we wish for our friends

## My First Whistle.

Of all the toys I e'er have known, I loved that whis - tle

best; It was my first, it was my own, And

I was dou - bly blest; And I was dou - bly blest.

'Twas Saturday, and afternoon,  
That schoolboy's jubilee,  
When the young heart is all in tune,  
From book and ferule free.

I then was in my seventh year;  
The birds were all a-singing;  
Above a brook, that rippled clear,  
A willow-tree was swinging.

My brother Charles was very 'cute;  
He climbed that willow-tree;  
He cut a branch, and I was mute  
The while, with ecstasy

With penknife he did cut it round,  
And gave the bark a wring;  
He shaped the mouth, and tried the sound,  
It was a glorious thing!

I blew that whistle, full of joy, —  
It echoed o'er the ground;  
And never since that simple toy  
Such music have I found.

I've seen blue eyes, I've tasted wines, —  
With manly toys been blest;  
But backward memory still inclines  
To love that whistle best.